Wichita Eagle

THE CHURCH AT MOCHI.

A Prosperous English Missionary Station in East Africa.

A letter received in London from the resident-church missionary, Rev. A. R. Steggall, reports much dispute and trouble with the German officers, Baron von Bulow and others, in authority at Mochi, an English missionary station in east Africa. Since the death of the local native chief, Mandara, his son, named Mealie, has become hostile to them; German lives have been lost in repeated skirmishes, and there are fears of an attack on Mochi by the Germans with their Nubian soldiers. From Taveta a view is obtained of Kibo, 19,000 feet high, the loftiest summit of sublime Kilimanjaro, an extinct volcano, which has piled up its masses of lava, tufa and conglomerate to an altitude far surpassing its neighbor, Kimawenzi, and has been crowned and robed with perpetual snow, shining brightly

THE CHURCH AT MOCHI.

in the deep blue sky. Below the southern slope of that immense cluster or group of volcanic mountain formations, the sides of which are shaggy with woods and intersected by torrents, is the terrace platform of Chagga, whereon are many native villages, looking west to Mount Meru; and near here is the Mochi missionary station. Mochi is on the route inland from the seaport of Mombasa, the headquarters of the British East African Company. After crossing the barren waterless desert of Taro, which may, probably, soon be traversed more easily by the projected railway, the fertile and beautiful Teita district is approached, and Mount Ndara, an isolated peak of striking aspect, the slopes of which are cultivated and inhabited by Wa-Teita families, driven from the plains some years ago by dread of the ferocious Masai, becomes a conspicuous object in the view. Several other peaks and ridges in the vicinity, and the grand range of the Bura mountains beyond, to the westward, afford relief to the eye wearied by the monotony of the preceding journey. The Wa-Teita seem to be a rather timid and feeble race, but willingly accept the protection of the British company, and a missionary station was formerly established on the hill of Ndara, which it has been needful, for the present, to leave vacant. Taveta lies four or five days' journey farther to the west, in a small tract of depressed land, covered with dense forest and thicket, a strip of luxuriant verdure, near the base of the huge snow-clad Kilimanjaro. The river Lumi flows through Taveta, supplying abundant moisture to the soil, and Lake Jipe is, at its lower end, closed southward by the Ugono mountains.

THE GERMAN EXHIBIT.

Herr Krupp Will Spend Half a Million for the World's Fair.

Herr Alquist, the special commissioner for Germany, says that the German department of the fair will exceed in importance and interest all former displays made by that country at international expositions. The educational exhibit will be especially interesting, and the museums of the empire will be well represented. A German mail-wagon will be shown and also a model post office equipped with all the appurtenances for the transmission of mail. Among the railroad exhibits will be found a number of plans for railroad depots.

Germany will take a leading position in the fine arts exhibit, having done more for this branch than ever before. The various governments of the empire have given permission to remove paint-

GERMANY'S WORLD'S FAIR BUILDING.

ings, works of sculpture, and other art objects from the public and state galleries.

Krupp's exhibit of cannon and war material will be one of the leading and attractive features. The largest cannon in the world, expressly made for Chicago, weighs 130 tons. The exposition authorities have assigned another site for Krupp's products on the border of the lake on the southern end of the grounds, where a small fort will be erected, such as is used in coast defense in Germany. The firm will spend about $500,000 for the exhibit.

Paper Bed Quilts.

"There is something that I first saw during my travels in Germany," said a gentleman who but recently returned. "I am referring to bed quilts made of paper. They are making great headway, and can be found with almost every family now. They are warm and a great deal cheaper than those that we use. It would not surprise me to hear of some one undertaking their manufacture in this country."

"An Honest Confession," Etc.

The Glasgow Herald makes the graceful acknowledgment at the head of its column of humor that "fully one-half the humorous sayings we hear come from America, and of the other half fully 90 per cent. should be accredited to that country."

—"Doctor," said Mr. Bloobumber to Rev. Dr. Thirdly, "do you think that in the next world we shall pursue the same avocations that we do in this?" "Some hold that opinion," replied the clergyman, cautiously; "but why do you ask?" "If such was the case, I was thinking our iceman would be in great luck."

THE PUNY TENDERFOOT.

How He Surprised the Old Texan Ranchman.

He Had Soft Hands and Played the Piano, But He Fought Indians Single-Handed, and Enjoyed It, Too.

We had stopped at a railroad station on the Pecos river, in Texas, and many of the passengers were walking up and down the long platform, says the New York Herald. Among them was a dudish young man who excited considerable ridicule from the dozen rough fellows hanging about. One of them finally said something about "chawing him up," when an old man in the gang raised his hand and said:

"That's 'nough, boys; don't go any further."

"What's it to you?" demanded the other.

"A heap, I reckon! It's so much to me that I'll do a leetle shooting on that feller's account if needs be."

The two men looked menacingly at each other, and for twenty seconds I expected to see them draw and fire. Then the younger one walked away, growling as he went, leaving the field to the old man.

"Would you have fought for the dude?" I asked, when the strain had been relieved.

"Sartin!" he grimly answered.

"But you don't know him."

"No, and probably never shall, but he sort o' reminds me of a leetle sarcumstance that happened seven or eight years ago. I had a ranch up on the Pecos Plains, and a dude came from New York city to visit a naybur o' mine. He was jest sich a bean stalk as this chap. He had soft hands, a woman's way of talkin', and I looked him over and made up my mind that a Texas baby three years old could give him pointers."

"Well?"

"Waal, arter he'd bin out thar' about three months Jim and me went out one day to look up some stray mustangs. The fust thing we knew we got a volley from a lot of Indians who had broke loose from the reservation. Jim was hit in the shoulder, but fortunately carried off by his hoss, who was a flyer. I headed for a sink I knowed of and reached it without a scratch. Then you see my caper was to stand 'em off 'till Jim could send help. I had a Winchester and plenty of cartridges,

"THAT'S 'NOUGH, BOYS."

and durin' the fust hour I wounded one cuss and killed another. Then I got a chunk o' lead through this right arm and begun to feel a bit nervous as to how it would turn out. I swiped a bullet into another, and in return I got this rake along the skull. It wasn't ten minutes arter that befo' I begun to feel powerful sick and weak and I jest reckoned that my scalp was goin' to make an ornament on some red critter's belt."

"But you still stood them off?"

"As well as able, but the end would hev come in about fifteen minutes more. The last three or four shots I fired I was so blind I couldn't see a rod. The reds were shoutin' to each other and makin' ready to close in when I heard a white man yellin'. I couldn't see what took place, but I know how it was just the same. That mush-and-'lasses dude was out on hoss huntin' jackass rabbits, and Jim run across him and told him how I was fixed and axed him to ride for help. What do ye think the durned cuss did?"

"Rode for home?"

"Not much! He rode fur me! He'd never seen a war Injun in his life, and Jim told him thar' was a full dozen arter me, but it made no difference. He comes up on a dead run, yellin' and shootin', and I'll chaw my hat if he didn't lay out two of the critters and kill a pony afore they could git away. He sailed right in so mighty hard that they thought he had a big crowd behind him. That thar leetle dude with soft hands and puny arms lifted me on to his hoss and rode to my ranch and then heads a crowd back and runs them reds 'leven miles and kills another.

"Why, durn me! he got two ponies out of that scrap, and he gathered up more wampum, bows, arrers, tomahawks, knives and sich than any six of us had collected in five years. When I got about I helped him to box and ship 'em to some club in New York. 'Pears to me it was sumthin' like the Manhattan club. Leastwise, it had a tarnal longish name, and the feller was a member."

"And you came to like him?"

"Say! He kin hav all I've got in the world any time he axes fer it. I made a big mistake sizin' him up. He could beat any of us with the pistol, and the fellow who took hold of him for a wrestle was throwed sky high before he could bite his terbacker. He could run like a deer, outjump a kangaroo, and we couldn't find a broncho who could buck him off."

"And that's why you interfered, is it?"

"Exactly. Show me a dude and I'll back him. These boys hain't learned the difference between a dude and a fule yit, but I hev, and I don't want no better chaps behind me in a pinch than dudes, 'specially New York dudes."

THE LAND OF ASPHALT.

The Island From Which Nearly All This Useful Material is Taken.

The asphalt barks from the West Indies are about the only vessels outside the coasting schooners that ever favor Washington with a visit.

Down in the hold the cargo looks like the edge of a dead lava field, black and seamed, and apparently as hard as rock; but the hardness is deceptive. Break up a bushel of the "pitch," as it is known to the trade, and pile the fragments on top of the big asphalt field which fills the whole of the lower deck, and by to-morrow morning they would disappear, sunken slowly back into the parent mass. This slow-running quality makes the cargo the most detested among the captains in the island trade, for when the ship has been listed over to port or starboard for a couple of days, while running before a strong wind, the whole cargo will quietly shift over and have to be broken up and trimmed back to its proper position to keep the ship on even keel.

Trinidad, the island from which practically all the asphalt of the world is now drawn, is a British possession in the West Indies. It was one of the little spots of terra firma against which Columbus ran when, in 1498, he pushed his explorations farther westward in search of that mariners' phantasm, the northwest passage. The island was then inhabited solely by Caribs, a wild and warlike, but withal intelligent race, not unlike the North American Indians, peculiar in their language, which, like the Choctaw of our own western tribe, has been mastered by few if any white men. For many years the island remained a neglected dependency of Spain, with a constantly dwindling population, mostly natives and imported negroes. In 1797 it passed into the hands of the British government and has remained an English colony since.

There are but two towns of importance upon the island, Port of Spain and San Fernando. These live mostly by their imports, the chief productions of the island beyond its own necessities being asphalt and cocoanuts. The sugar crop is large, but at the present prices it does not pay to export it. The population of the towns is mixed. English is the court language, but the majority of the people are negroes, descendants of the old slave stock, who talk a patois of mingled French, Spanish and English that is described as the 'most backhandedest lingo' any heathen ever invented. The negroes are like those of the United States, beginning to feel their freedom, and on the strength of it getting the big head in the second and third generation. The resident whites designate them as "sassy" and as a class unbearable when they have risen above the stage of picking asphalt. This is true of all but the French negroes from Martinique and the adjacent tricolor provinces, who by long association have acquired the suave manner of their former owners, and are all of them fit instructors for an ordinary dancing master. Among them impoliteness is unknown.

Some of the original Caribs are still to be found among the island people, but they are rapidly disappearing, and in their places is now seen the imported coolie. The coolie trade, which was originally instituted to furnish cheap labor for the plantations, was in former times a terrible disgrace to the islands and partook of more than all the horrors of the African slave trade. Thousands of the miserable Asiatics were sacrificed in the business by the greed and inhumanity of the masters who brought them over, and, although imported under the guise of labor contract, not one in hundreds of them ever lived to return home. Stringent laws governing the traffic are now enacted, however, and, what is more to the purpose, as well enforced, and many of the coolies by the time they have served their eight years' contract out are well-to-do citizens, being paid for their work by the piece and saving nearly all they earn.

The great pitch lake, which is the chief wonder and attraction of the island, is situated in a low, sandy stretch of the southwest coast, near Cape Corbaray. The surrounding country is low and malarial, in striking contrast to the high hills and rich woodlands of the coast further back. The lake is owned by the British government and leased by it to the Barber Asphalt company, an American firm of immense capital, which controls the trade for the United States. Their present lease has forty-two years yet to run. The laborers are all negroes, even the coolies shrinking from the heat and low fevers of the place. The lake itself is about a mile in diameter, hard at the edges, and softening toward the middle. The surface is continually changing, apparently from some subterranean action, and little oases of dry land, and even trees and shrubs, will disappear in a single night, and fresh islands or soil will be reared in other places.

The lake is in all probability merely an unusually large deposit of bitumen or soft coal that has undergone a transformation from decaying vegetable matter in contact with water, and too near the surface for the earth pressure above to harden it thoroughly. Hundreds of negroes the year round toil at the lake's edge, taking out cargo after cargo from the supply that seems never to diminish. They work under overseers of their own color, and are paid at the rate of seventy-two cents a day. The asphalt crust is broken up with picks and crowbars, and is loaded on dumpcarts, drawn by a single sun-dried mule, in whom the constant boiling temperature seems to have concentrated all the native meanness of his species. The carts crunch through a long, sandy road down to the wharf at the water's edge, where the load is dumped and carried by wheelbarrows on board the lighters, which in turn carry it out to the ships, lying a half-mile out in the shoal water. The rough lumps of pickings are hoisted on board in baskets and piled in the hold, where they sink down into a compact mass, requiring a fresh filling the next day, and so on till the solid cargo is completed.—Washington Star.

Swearing Wounds on the Innocent.

Mr. Percival, who was formerly employed in the Bombay police, describes an extraordinary conspiracy which has been brought to light in that city. For a considerable time there existed in Bombay a gang of scoundrels, each of whom took it in turns to have severe wounds inflicted on him by his companions. They thereupon raised a great outcry, and charged some man of means with attempted murder. Many citizens of respectability were thus blackmailed or brought to ruin and disgrace, until by a fortunate accident the gang was broken up. The operation of cutting the throat of one of the victims chosen by lot was instrusted to a drunken barber; the wound proved mortal, and the injured man, being taken to the hospital before he died, confessed his crime, and gave the names of his accomplices. —London News.

—Acquaintance—"You are not wearing your watch to-day. Is it broke?" Seedeigh—"No, but I am."—Jewelers' Review.

OUR SAVAGE FOREFATHERS.

Even Those Classic Old Humbugs, the Greeks, Were Barbarians.

We all know the school-boy's famous mistranslation of Horace:

Delicta majorum immeritus tues.

"The delights of our ancestors were unmitigated filth." That is the impression left on the modern mind by a study of Mr. Gomme's book, "Ethnology in Folk-Lore." Mr. Gomme shows us our ancestors eating theirs, knocking elderly men on the head merely because they were elderly, making torches of human fat, placing fragments of corpses over stable doors, daubing the bridegroom's feet with soot (in Scotland), and, in short, as the poet says, "doing divers and disgusting things." This does not at all surprise the folklorist. "They all do it," he says, in the words of the old comic song, and he is quite prepared to admit that unmitigated filth was the delight of our ancestors.

They were savages, says he, and our descendants may, and probably will, be savages again. Mankind is like the little royal child who wanted to make mud pies with the small gamins in the gutter. Some races have to a certain extent been weaned from the inclination to make mud pies. But give them a chance, say in Africa, where the eye of their nurse, of public opinion, is not on them, and back they go to their pies, both of mud and blood. It is not difficult, in certain circumstances, to imagine a universal degradation, from which the race would very slowly climb back into the feudal period. But Mr. Gomme, and some other students, do not entirely accept this view. Were the people who daubed the bridegroom with soot and did the other divers and disgusting things, were they really of our kindred, after all? Or, if they were, did they invent these discreditable performances, or did they merely borrow the customs from some neighboring and conquered savages?

Mr. Gomme seems to be of the latter opinion. It has been proved that there was perhaps no dirty, savage tricks which did not exist in the Greek religion. A civilized people, they danced about with snakes in their hands, like the Moquis; they worshiped obscene images and kept filthy sacred pictures in their temples; they adored stones; they performed unpleasant rites with pig's flesh; their sacrifices were often ridiculous and revolting; they told highly discreditable stories of gods who went about disguised as dogs, serpents, ants, swans and wolves. All these things the lowest savages also do, and the conclusion is that Greeks, too, had once been savages, and that the conservatism of their religion retained customs which puzzled and annoyed their common sense and piety. Nothing but Christianity made an end of these myths and manners, and even Christianity did not eradicate all of them among country folk. Folk-lore, peasant custom, is full of traces of sacrifice and of savage beliefs in local spirits. Here, Mr. Gomme, as we understand him, demurs and tries, as others have tried, to save the credit of our ancestors. They were "Aryans;" an Aryan was a gentleman, he never could have invented and initiated all these stupidities and abominations. Where he practiced them (that is everywhere) he must have merely adopted the customs of savages whom he had conquered.—London News.

A ROMAN FEAST.

Enormous Sums Spent to Provide a Single Dinner.

As exemplifying the pitch to which Roman epicureanism was carried, and indicative of a truly barbaric nature, a dish consisting of the tongues alone of some thousands of the favorite songsters of the air was requisitioned at immense cost to satisfy the inordinate cravings of one of the emperors. One can hardly avoid the reflection that such a being must have been extremely untuneful. The liver of a capon steeped in milk was thought a great delicacy, and of solid meat, pork appears to have been most relished.

The staunch Roman, who did not take the pleasure homeopathically, reclined during dinner on a luxurious couch, his head resting on his left elbow, supported by cushions. Suetonious draws attention to a superb apartment, erected by the extravagant Nero, in which his meals were partaken, constructed like a theater, with shifting scenes changing with every course.

The amount of money often expended by the wealthy Romans on their sumptuous meals appears fabulous. Vitellius is said to have spent as much as 400 sestertia (about £4,228 our money) on his daily supper; and the celebrated feast to which he invited his brother cost no less than £40,350! It consisted of 2,000 different dishes of fish and 7,000 of fowls, with other equally numerous meats. His daily food was of the most rare and exquisite nature; the deserts of Libya, the shores of Spain, the waters of the Carpathian sea, and even the coasts and forests of Britain, were diligently searched for dainties to supply his table; and had he reigned long he would, observes Josephus, have exhausted the great opulence of the Roman empire.

By the way, we wonder if these happy-go-lucky Romans ever suffered much from indigestion. Of one thing we are certain, that in order to render the bridge from one feast to another less tedious, an occasional resort was had to the persuasive powers of an emetic. The extravagance of these times was indeed so boundless that to entertain an emperor at a feast, unless you were a Crœsus, were to encounter almost certain financial ruin—literally to be eaten up. One dish alone at the table of Heliogabalus has been known to cost a sum equal to £4,000 of our money.—Chambers' Journal.

—The man who first said that talk was cheap never paid two dollars for attempting to talk over the telephone line from London to Paris for the space of three minutes.—Utica Observer.

—They have "potato socials" in Kansas. The name may be from the fact that young folks go there to pare.—Texas Siftings.

DEADLIEST OF POISONS.

Even When Greatly Diluted, Prussic Acid Kills Almost Instantly.

"There are very few people who fully understand the action of hydrocyanic or prussic acid," said a well-known St. Louis chemist. "It is the deadliest poison to-day known to the chemist and its manufacture in pure form is absolutely prohibited by law. The acid is made from peach leaves and peach kernels, the latter being better known as bitter almonds, though a modified form of it is evolved from wild cherry bark and is used in sirups to subdue coughs.

The diluted form employed for prescriptions is kept in a tightly closed bottle and case, and of course is rarely drawn upon. Six drops of prussic acid in half a glass of water will produce death in a second, perhaps before the suicide has time to set down the glass. Its fumes alone will bring instant death.

"The diluted prussic acid is composed of ferrocyanide of potash, sulphuric acid, alcohol and water. The proportions are about two per cent. acid and ninety-eight per cent. water, alcohol and sulphuric acid. It is this enormous proportion of water which gives to it the name of hydrocyanic, which signifies nearly all water.

"Another interesting fact about prussic acid is that its presence cannot be discovered in the body. Its action is directly upon the blood which it turns black. It then rapidly evaporates and in a few hours the blood returns to a condition incident to natural death. This is why post-mortem examinations on prussic acid suspects never result in a discovery."

A physician well known to the St. Louis public contributes the following information:

"Hydrocyanic acid, or as it is most commonly, prussic acid, is one of the most deadly poisons known to animal life. It is a volatile principle contained in various shrubs and trees, chiefly the wild cherry, bitter almond, cherry laurel, St. Ignatius bean and the peach tree. It is obtained by distillation from ferrocyanide of potassium by the action of sulphuric acid in the form of a light, colorless gas. The preparation kept in a drug store is a dilute acid of a strength of two per cent. of anhydrous acid in distilled water, a colorless liquid with the odor of bitter almonds. The dose is from two to six drops. One-half grain of the anhydrous acid is sufficient to produce death. It is used in medicine in correcting diseases of the stomach, also whooping cough and the last stages of consumption. It is very volatile, and the fumes will destroy vegetable life, causing the stems of plants to wither and dry up. Its effect on the lower animals is similar to its action on man, with the exception of the horse and the hyena, upon whom it does not appear to produce any impression. In fatal doses it causes death quickly by paralyzing the heart's action. After death the rigor mortis sets in and in a few moments the unfortunate subject is as stiff as a board."—St. Louis Republic.

FISHING IN THE NORTHWEST.

One of the Sources of Future Wealth for the State of Washington.

Whoever passes along the main retail street of Seattle and happens to notice the counters in the principal fish store will be astonished. In the chromatic display of the captive creatures of the sea is the text for another chapter on future wealth for Washington. They have the salmon, though that catch is credited to Oregon and Alaska. There are in the northern waters cod banks thousands of miles in extent; halibut, codfish, rock-cod, sole, sea-bass, smelts, shrimps, herrings, and oysters are all abundant. Apparently the fisheries outweigh those of the east, as the timber belt excels that which once inclosed the great lakes. Candor compels me to say that the Pacific fish, with one exception, are inferior to the same kinds of fish in the east, yet they are not wanting in fine qualities. The halibut of Washington and the north is, I believe, the finest sea fish for the table that is known in America. The tiny muddy oysters, the size of a dime or a quarter, are the meanest product of that sea, but they find a ready sale and are admired. Since that is so, hope for all the rest should be rampant. Their crabs, on the contrary, are not mere samples; they are wholesale products, regular marine monsters; and all the better for that, since they make good food. The fishing that must in a few years flock the waters of the Pacific with sails is scarcely begun. There is only a million invested in it, and only a million a year is produced by it.—Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine.

The American Ax.

All the world admires and wonders at the American ax helve. The American ax fitted with that ingeniously curved and gracefully fashioned handle is a marvellously effective weapon, vastly more apt for its purposes than the straight-handled headsman's ax with which the Italian fells trees, or the broad-faced hatchet used for the same purpose in France. The American ax helve is just what might have been expected of an inventive people laden with the duty of conquering and civilizing a forest-clad continent. The world has been using the ax since prehistoric times, but it remained for the American pioneer to fashion the ideal ax handle, at once light, strong and elastic. The ax such as is familiar to all Americans is rare in Europe, and it sells in all the British colonies as the American ax.—N. Y. Sun.

—A Lover of Nature.—She—"I do so love sweet nature—everywhere about is peace and beauty. The flowers are in bloom, the birds are—oh, Harry! Harry! do take this horrid bug away! My gracious goodness, what a horrible place this is!"—Household Monthly.

—"How about the rent of this house of yours, Jones? Doesn't the landlord ask a good deal for it?" Jones—"Yes; he often asks five and six times a month for it."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—Between floods and cyclones the Kansas man hardly knows whether to go into the cellar or climb a tree.—Baltimore American.

—Kerosene oil is of use in cleaning furniture, but it is said, by good authorities, that it will, in time, cut and dissolve the glue and the varnish or finish, and will make certain sorts of wood porous. A much better article is best boiled linseed oil, applied with a soft cloth, then rubbed off as clean as possible. If there are scratches, use one part best furniture varnish to five or six parts good turpentine, and apply with a brush. There are many prepared furniture polishes and finishing preparations, all of which have certain merits, but the above are simple and inexpensive.

—Poor Love, they say, is always sued.
Can this a truthful saying be,
When lovers find a thousand charms
Where we not even one can see?
—Harper's Bazar.

—The Summer Girl.—Sallie—"How many trunks did she bring?" Mollie—"Only fourteen. You see, she's only going to stay a few days."—Yankee Blade.

—Society Sprouts.—Cubeb—"It seems very natural." Scarely—"What does?" Cubeb—"To see a blooming idiot and a society bud together."—Kate Field's Washington.

—"Well, my dear child, how do you like Herr von Sauer Kreutman?" "Oh, mamma, he is very nice, and so clever! I did not understand a word he said."—Les Annales.

—"You don't mean to say that you told Chelly he gave you a pain?" "Not in just those words. After he proposed, I said: "What you have said pains me deeply."—Elmira Echoes.

The Song of the Golden-Rod.

I have set my lights on a thousand hills,
I've illumined field and lane,
To guide you out of the summer-land,
Into autumn's grand domain:
For the days are sweet, in this sunny realm,
They shine with a glory, all:
So, come, I will show you, oh, weary ones,
The way to this kingdom of fall!

There are asters waiting beside the brooks,
There are grapes in the sunny dells,
And a crimson light in the apple trees
Where the wren's soft choral swells;
There are nuts grown tawny with many suns,
In this kingdom grand and free,
And they all shall be yours, my weary friend,
If you'll seek this realm with me.

Ah, ye who have borne the summer's heat
Through its weary hours—oh! see—
I have set my lights on a thousand hills,
To guide you by lane or by lea,
Safe into the wonderful kingdom of fall,
All glowing with color and light;
Where the harvester's song lulls the weary to rest,
And an eden-land bursts on the sight!

Morning.

The tide of human life ebbs to and fro,
For night and sleep's forgetfulness are past,
And toiling men awake to come and go,
Upon the turmoil of a city cast.
Afar from ways that breathe of sordid care,
Of aching hearts, and many a life forlorn
In weary want, I turn my sleepless eyes
To where the maiden Morning's smiles are fair,
By rippling streams beneath unsullied skies,
Where winds come murmuring through the balmy air
With sounds of angels' wings in Paradise:
And still beyond, where blossoms have no thorns,
And souls no striving: shades of grief and woe
Lost in the glory of Eternal Morn.
—Mary Cross, in Chambers' Journal.

When the Cows Come Home.

When the cows come home o'er the silent lea,
And the leaves are a-rustling soft and free,
And a twilight blending the sun doth shed
On the earth below and the clouds o'erhead,
And the turkeys roost in a friendly tree—
Then my thoughts go back to my childish glee,
In the pastures green, and the "Good-night" tea
That my mother made fairly turns my head—
When the cows come home!

Sweet thoughts of love are all naught to me
When home comes in with its gentle plea
Of mother and father, now long since dead,
And my heart to those fond scenes seems led
At eve when the sun's last rays I see—
When the cows come home.
—Frank C. Teck, in Once a Week.